

(A Temperance Song.)

CHORUS.

Gaze into the eyes cherubic; rain your kisses on his cheek;
Clasp him fondly to your bosom; feel the thrill you cannot speak;
Link yourself to God and heaven, all your mother love employ,
That your lips may never falter, Oh, 'twas rum that spoiled my
boy.

By JOHN McCRA Y CROWELL.



FROM NOVA SCOTIA TO TEXAS

Incidents and Short Stories in the Lives of Two
Boys who were left Orphans. After
Reaching Manhood they left Nova
Scotia and Finally arrived
in Texas Nearly Sixty Years Ago.

Also Criticisms of the Temperance Plan that
received the \$25,000 Hearst Prize.

And a Temperance Plan.

By JOHN McGRAY CROWELL.

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San Antonio, Texas, July 5th, 1929.

I attended the celebration at the Koehler Park yesterday and as Old Glory was hoisted to the masthead and the national salute was fired, my memory reverted back to my boyhood days. Before matches were invented they would build large bonfires, and the old cannon were muzzle loaders with touchhole at the breech; they would load with powder and wadding and ram it down good and tight with the ramrod and touch it off with a coal of fire. I remember when I was very small there was an old shoemaker who delighted to buy fire crackers and give to us little folks and we sure would have a grand time. After my father died my mother and I went back to her old home in Nova Scotia, and the Fourth was a great day there also.

After coming to Texas I joined the Good Templars at old Cochran Chapel about 7 miles north of Dallas on the McKinney road, and on July 4th, 1874, they had a celebration at the crossing on White Rock creek. After the program was carried out we had a fine dinner after which many engaged in the game of croquet, and a big rain came up and we all had to skeedaddle.

July 4th, 1898 was a time of great rejoicing. We had just got news of Dewey's victory in Manila bay and the great victory at Santiago, and when Old Glory was hoisted to the masthead at the Dallas state fair grounds, all that could grab the hal-yards to help; among them were the G. A. R., U. V. C., and their auxiliaries, together with men and women of all kindreds proving that there was no north or south; and having passed many of those celebrations it was a great satisfaction to me.



A PERSONAL SKETCH.

John McGray Crowell was born in Danversport, Massachusetts August 11, 1855. At the age of four years my father died, and during the following year my mother returned to her old home in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, and I accompanied her, and in a short time she died, leaving me with my uncle Charles and aunt Sophia Crowell. I lived with them until I was about 15 years old, when my aunt Sophia died, which broke up the family of four children besides myself, as my uncle gave them to relatives, and I was left to depend upon my own resources.

In about a year after living around among kinfolks I went

back to Lynn, Massachusetts, and lived with my brother, Ewen C. Crowell, and worked for him in the Central Market of that city, and when my brother sold out the business I went to work again at the painters' trade which I had learned from my uncle, who was a painter, while living with him. After knocking about in Lynn and Boston for about two years, I took passage on a sailing schooner and arrived in Galveston, Texas, May 17th, 1873.

On the afternoon before we hove anchor off Galveston bar one of those noted blue northers came up. I had never known or heard tell of such before, and it was a great surprise to me. The wind was high and the sea became very rough and when the squall subsided the captain by consulting his instruments and charts discovered we had passed the entrance to Galveston harbor. When the storm struck us the sails had to be lowered and we had to scud under bare poles. So, when the officers found out where we were we had to tack ship and about sundown we anchored off the bar to await the next day.

Next morning we weighed anchor and sailed into port. The pilot came aboard and as the ship passed over the bar she came near grounding. She trembled and shook from stem to stern. She was capable of drawing 12½ feet of water. Then larger ships had to stay outside and be unloaded and reloaded by small steamboats called lighters. Now the largest of ships that draw 30 feet or more sail right into their berths and make fast to their wharves.

When we got to port our cook was sick and had to go to a hospital, and as there were no cooks available I had to cook for about two weeks. I had a very pleasant time during the voyage as all were very kind to me, both officers and sailors.

The ship I came in was rigged as a "for and after" which meant the larger sails could be lowered from the deck so that when those sudden squalls were seen approaching the sails could be let down quickly and the vessel would be prepared to meet them. Of course the sailors had to go aloft and furl the topsails.

When the captain procured another cook I obtained passage on the river boat Diana, and arrived at Houston, coming up the Buffalo bayou about 7 o'clock one morning, and about 9 a. m. I boarded the train for Bryan, arriving there about 4 p. m. with thirty cents and a two cent copper.

DEDICATED TO
MAE
WIDOW OF THE LATE
P. K. CROWELL
BY
BROTHER JOHN.

A TENDER-FOOT IN THE EARLY DAYS OF TEXAS.

BY P. K. C.

I was riding my pony upon a wild plain of the southwest. More than fifty-six years ago, it was, and looking over the same ground now makes me smile at the "wild" I have used. That wild prairie is now the suburb of a great state's greatest city. My pony made a rush for something which I afterwards learned was to round up a herd of snorting and careening mustangs in the valley just ahead.

I fell of course, for I was a tenderfoot of the tenderest kind, having arrived a month previous from Massachusetts in an ice laden schooner that was driven into a port and landed three miles inland upon the grassy plains. I remember crossing the long railroad bridge—not crossing on it—but crossing it in our schooner close to the draw upon which two men were clinging high up in the air where the tremendous waves sweeping over the island and city could not quite reach them. We were considered extremely lucky, having steered our little bark out of the roaring waters that had engulfed so many larger craft, and finding ourselves lying flat on a wave-washed prairie, when a thousands were lying drowned in the bay and all around us.

Well, I was stranded again—flung from the back of a mustang three hundred miles further inland, and still lucky for not having a broken neck.

I looked up from my bed in the young grass two feet high and saw Texas plumes as tall as myself, and immense ox-eye daisies as tall as the grass, and forget-me-nots as large as roses nodding in the gulf breeze that fortunately had pursued, along with my other good luck.

It was too delicious for one to care what became of a ten dollar pony and three dollar saddle, but this ecstasy was not to continue. Here came two galloping cow-men to ascertain if I were alive or why I didn't cut out after that pony and saddle. "I don't want to ride any more," I said. "You can have the saddle and bridle but give yonder rat his freedom. Let him run with the herd and have his fun. I don't want him. I'll lie here

until I get tired of it and then walk into the shacks."

They didn't laugh, those intelligent looking cow-men did not, although it must have seemed funny, but were off in a twinkling to a water-hole in the creek a mile or so away where my pony was caught, and just as I had lain out the enchantment and risen to my feet they returned, bringing my captured outfit. "It's good of you," I told them, "but I shan't ride him any more. I'll walk, like any good yankee sailor ought to."

"Here, ride this," said one of them, jumping down and putting his bridle rein in my hand, "I'll ride the little bronco." I essayed to mount, after thanking him, and was immediately standing on my head on the off side of the horse that looked in astonishment at the spectacle.

The man whom the others called "Cole" explained to me that their ponies were trained always to lurch slightly towards one mounting them, which accounted for my mishap.

The one called Jim merely looked at the one named Cole, and not either of them cracked a smile.

I laughed, and a large boy who was called Bob and had just come up, smiled pleasantly.

It pays sometimes to smile. In this instance I gave Bob a half dollar and said, "If you'd laughed outright 'twould have been a dollar." He quit smiling and held the coin up merely saying, "drinks," as he caught the eyes of Cole and Jim. I remember these trifles because the civilized world has been reading of this Cole, Jim and Bob frequently in the past fifty years.

I mounted the horse carefully while I thought a smile flickered on each of their faces and, would you believe me, that pony stood braced firmly as I ascended.

We rode to Mt. Sinai, as the little cluster of houses and sheds was called under its grove of ancient post-oaks, and the three cow-men went to the saloon or grocery. I was reading a book in the store across the square when a storm of laughing and shouts came to me. I recognized the voices and felt relieved. The only thing the matter with those three I found was they were gentlemen and wouldn't laugh in my face.

My ranch was a small affair down near the confluence of two creeks that embraced, or rather encircled, the noted village of Slapfoot. The word might have been a corruption of some beautiful Indian name that meant something romantic or ennobling in the language of the red men, the conflict between

which and its present rendering could not possibly be ascribed to me. I only write of things as I found them and desire to place matters of that ancient day in the best light warrantable.

Slapfoot represented to me the place where my mail came twice a week—I could get the same by slopping through a pool of tobacco "amber." Chewing and spitting were the industries of Slapfoot, although a few acres of corn and cotton were raised in its vicinity. Cattle were not raised. They were branded. Hogs were, it was said, protected by their ability to split the bullets fired at them. It was also affirmed that knots tied in their tails kept them from trespassing inside the fenced enclosures. I claim no originality here for these statements. Doubtless a wide application has made them quite familiar in some sections of our country.

My ranch was very well known as a place where any decent tenderfoot could lie over for a few days and be welcome to the best it afforded. My stove was a pile of rocks fairly shaped to the semblance of a chimney, and the oven was a fine large skillet which held in its stop story, which was the cover or lid, plenty of hot coals to do things up brown. But I never heard persons complain of my hospitality. They had no room for complaint as I furnished the materials and left the result to themselves. They did most of the hospitaliting with their own hands.

In one instance a couple of fine boys from the north became more permanently domiciled with me, and being good carpenters, took the building of a residence for Judge Junkins, a worthy and quite remarkable Texan, at your service.

The Judge was a true Texan of the old school. His new house was in the center of his square mile of "as rich prairie as ever crow flew over." Owning a saw mill in the river bottom, he cut from his land and the land of absentee owners, every stick of timber that went into his residence from the bois-de-arc sills to the oak shingles and floors of white ash.

The two boys referred to, Harry and McLeod, were doing good work for the Judge, which was well appreciated by him.

One rainy day the boys accepted an invitation of the Judge to pay him a visit at his old residence.

The parlor they were ushered into was embellished with a variety of ornaments including a very fine side-saddle and a small barrel of peach brandy. The papering on the walls consisted of illustrated pages of the "Police Gazette" and "Days Do-

ings." U. S. army blankets ceiled the room overhead and various aged turkey wings adorned the walls, besides a very dilapidated stag's head and a once stuffed grey fox, with a cracked eye and one untenanted socket.

A young lady of twenty, the Judge's sister, reclined in a rocking chair upholstered with one wide stripe of rawhide, with long, curly hair for back and cushion. The other chairs had woven seats of the same material that had bagged down until the well developed youth who settled into their depths chose to pull the things off and sit on the sharp torturing edges.

The Judge didn't sit, but walked about and posed, showing his treasures. His library on one shelf, was two dozen law books and a large record of his magisterial transactions. In the latter were pasted letters from prominent men of Texas, including Houston and Crockett. These were most prized, but nearly all the articles on the walls were gifts of important personages, or heirlooms from noted ancestors.

Coming to the barrel of peach brandy, he said, "When my father and his comrades turned the empire of Texas over to the United States, they made the mental reservation that they would buy, sell, distill and raise h——, without let or hindrance. The succeeding generations, of which I am a more or less honored member, dropped the last named, but held to the others. Consequently there is in my saw mill a first class little distillery that turns out a moderate amount of this." He drew a large glass of the fine liquid and poured part into other glasses which he offered to McLeod and Harry. He then continued, "My sons will probably be compelled to give up making this delicious stuff, for the United States disregards the mental reservations of our fathers. Were I not a Judge and the son of my father, I would not now be able to run that small joy producer." McLeod excused himself, saying that he never drank spirits. "Well," said the Judge, "I admire your courage and fidelity in abstaining from the best thing on earth because, I apprehended, some lovely Boston damsel secured your promise to do so."

McLeod laughed. "Not that, Judge, I'm a natural temperance man, born of temperance parents in a temperance country." "Well," said the Judge, "I'm glad I wasn't born there—look at that. Texas forever!" He had poured it all in one glass and held it up to the light. Then he drank it at one draught. His two boys came in and helped themselves, but the Judge's sister

said, "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves."

"I have been a useful and well paid citizen," said the Judge, and besides I married the daughter of a man who gave each of his fourteen children six quarter sections of black-waxy. He died land-poor in a cabin without a floor or chimney, but held to his lands and paid the taxes upon 'em."

"I married one of the queens of Texas, albeit she never wore shoes or a bonnet until I purchased them for her as my right."

McLeod was becoming very uncomfortable for the Judge was now decidedly drunk. His speech was thick, besides being too confidential.

The rain was over and luckily the boys had an excuse for bidding the family a good evening.

On the day that McLeod and Harry finished the Judge's new residence, he prepared for a settlement by putting in his wagon a bag of silver, a pick and shovel, and various styles of fire arms. Then the Judge and his two boys got in and drove out to the house. The Judge got down and went in.

"You have finished everything, I believe," he said to the boys.

"Yes, Judge, so far as I know," said McLeod. "Look around and see if everything is all right." He looked through the house and expressed satisfaction.

"Now, how much do you claim to be due on the job?"

McLeod replied, "Just whatever is the difference between the six receipts of ours you hold and the contract price. See what that is, Judge. I have it here, \$160.00. Am I right?"

"Right you are. There is no bonus, because in my town a bonus is only considered a confession of weakness."

"We don't want any bonus, Judge," said McLeod. "If the job is better than you expected it to be, you are welcome. We've made a fair wage and will be satisfied also."

"You are very reasonable," replied the Judge. "Now I came out here prepared to resist any demands upon me in the way of extras. In R——, where I have had some building done, I have been compelled to remove several carpenters who played the trick of contracting at ordinary figures and then at the wind-up making a haul for extras. Public opinion compelled me to pay the money, but public opinion was just and allowed me to remove the parties. Being magistrate and probate judge gave me facilities for recoupment as you can see."

"My fire arms and digging tools out in the wagon with my

boys are happily unnecessary in the present case, although I believe it is the first, in which they have not been required.

"To be prepared for this amicable settlement, also I have brought along a jug of my famous peach brandy. Unfortunately it will be the last that can be dispensed, for last night my still disappeared."

Mac expressed great surprise at this news and asked if it was stolen.

"A distillery, if properly trained," replied the Judge, "acquires a species of intelligence that seems to make it become aware of the presence of revenue officers in its vicinity. I have tried to impart this sort of acumen to my little inoffending transmuted of corn and fruit and my success was shown when yesterday two revenue officers started out here from D—. This morning the still is nowhere to be found."

The Judge soon departed after hearty handshakes with the boys.

McLeod and Harry mounted their ponies and started toward my ranch, but on their way they called at the surveyor's camp of the new railroad soon to be put through that section.

As a sensation the camp was busy picking bird shot from the hide of its chief engineer who had been out selecting a route among some little brushy hills.

He had been shot twice, and operations were suspended until more men could be brought up. He deeply cursed Texas and its gang of desperadoes, vowing that he would send to President Grant for protection and a troop of cavalry.

Mac and his partner passed on and after leaving the river bottom entered the same broken district where the engineer was shot. Sitting behind a stump by the roadside they saw a woman whom they recognized as a widow who farmed a little patch of ground and owned a few head of stock in the hills. She had her gun and called to the boys, whom she knew.

"Have you seen the crazy men?" she shouted.

"What crazy men?" Mac inquired.

"I don't know. I shot one of 'em twice." The boys went up to her and heard her story.

Two crazy men in fantastic rigs had been peering and motioning and dodging about her farm all the morning and she was about "done out," she said. At last she got near enough to one of them and let him have both loads from her gun. "If it'd

been loaded with buck-shot I reckon I'd a got him all right," she said. "I'll fix 'em next time if they come foolin' 'round here. I got slugs in now."

"Madam," said McLeod, "I wouldn't shoot those men if I were you. They're railroad surveyors."

"Railroad surveyors; what's that?"

"They are going to run a railroad past your house."

"Who is?"

"The men you saw and about a thousand more."

"Laws-a-mercy! What must I do?"

"That will be a fine thing for you. You can sell all your truck and meat right at your door and get the biggest prices for them. They'll give you fifty cents for a chicken and forty cents a dozen for eggs."

"But won't they hurt me? Will they run their engine an' keers over us?"

"No, they don't hurt anybody but those who get on the cars or in the way."

"Lord a mercy, I'll never git on 'em. Do you reckon I hurt that crazy man much? What makes 'em send crazy men first?"

"They're not crazy," Mac assured her; "they dress that way to be able to see one another a long way apart, and they talk by the signals that look so queer to you. They're smart men, and wouldn't hurt anybody."

"Laws-a-mercy, an' I shot one of 'em twice. What ye reckon they'll do to me?"

"Nothing, if you don't shoot 'em any more."

"Laws-a-mercy, I don't want to shoot 'em again."

McLeod rode back to the camp and informed the engineer of what he had learned. "Now, Mr. Siegel," said McLeod, "I think the best thing is to tell your men that you have learned it was done accidentally by some hunters, and say nothing more about it."

"No, said Siegel, "I think I ought to have the fool woman arrested."

"Well, do as you like. I think I wouldn't have her molested," said Mac.

Siegel took Mac's advice at last, and in a few days the locating gang were at the woman's house. A pig, chickens, eggs, butter milk, roasting ears and sweet potatoes all had been purchased from her at most astonishing prices, as she thought, and

the men were pitching their tents at her spring to stay for a week or more.

The widow was now feeling worse pangs of conscience than she had ever experienced before in her life. She had crippled her chief benefactor with bird shot and only just escaped doing much worse had her gun been loaded with buckshot or slugs. What could she do to impress upon him her profound contrition for the act?

The supreme effort of her life was concentrated in an immense chicken pie, and with her two small boys as proper escort she sallied forth towards the spring, bearing the pie as a peace offering.

Siegel saw her coming and conveniently found that he had forgotten certain notes and bearings which required his immediate presence nearly a mile away.

The widow left the delicious pie for the engineer with an humble and most voluble confession of her shooting mishap, but when Siegel returned an hour later she was gone—also the pie.

However the remembrance of it remained with the gang until they were far in the west, and Siegel was tormented until he fervently wished that certain members of that outfit could be placed in a huge pie and dropped into a celebrated burning lake.



In the old saloon days along about 1875 or '6, one of the most noted pleasure resorts was the old Appollo Hall near the old union depot, Dallas, Texas. When a good gulf breeze was blowing it would be cool and pleasant, together with the mechanical band, and a large fountain with plants and flowers and fish in the water, it was a fine place to sit and drink a cool glass of beer. About those times the state legislature passed what was known as the bell punch law. A small machine with a handle or knob and a bell; when the handle or knob was manipulated a strip of paper was punched and the bell would ring. The bartender was supposed to ring the bell after each drink was sold, and the state was supposed to receive a certain per cent as a tax. But the law was soon repealed. One reason was the bartenders had such short memories so many would forget to register the drinks.

COLONEL HUGHES—THE ANDERSONS.

Three important men were sitting around a table in an office that opened into a much larger room, the same belonging to a government departmental building. One of the men in his official position stood far above the other two, but those two were able men and his special chums, and there was nothing in his manner like an air of superiority. Indeed, if anything, one of the others was the leader of his chief in their hours of social relaxation and hilarity. Their names as applied to one another were Jamie, Sandy and William.

Of course Scotchmen couldn't converse agreeably without something hot, in its nature at least, on hand. They had a bottle, also three glasses, a small jar of sugar, a pitcher with water, and three spoons.

The very honorable Jamie, I think, didn't like the twang of Scotch whiskey and possibly never tasted it except when with his two friends. His sweetened water was fairly colored with the other ingredients that however was taken in much stiffer decoction by Sandy and still stronger by William.

"Well, Sandy, we're likely to go onto a mining venture very soon, I think," remarked Jamie. "How so?" the one addressed inquired.

"Well, William's on the road to becoming a millionaire. Of course he won't know what to do with his money, and I've no doubt he'll stake his friends if we ask him."

"The million's all in your eye," growled William lamely. "Ye're welcome to it for this," he said, tapping the bottle with his spoon, "an' ye'll never see snakes at that." It was a poor effort.

"There's always 'millions in it,' if I'm informed correctly," suggested Sandy, winking to Jamie.

"Yes, as good authority as Col. Sellers tells us that," Jamie replied, winking back to his friend. William sat stolidly sipping at his glass. "Who told ye all this?" he growled.

"Oh, prosperity always betrays itself. We can see it in your manner if not betrayed by your conversation. Murder and millions will out."

At this sally of the chief, both he and Sandy laughed furtively. "I say, who told ye about this?" Williams asked again without raising his eyes.

"Nobody told me," said Jamie, "I saw it in the papers: William Anderson to back the great enterprise of his brother-in-law who comes to Texas to secure patents on a grand invention of the century."

"Well, I had to do it," said William, glowering gloomily as in his previous remark. "An intimate friend, my nephew-in-law, gave it away."

"No one would have to drag me into the millionaire class against my will," Sandy remarked, with a sly look at Jamie. "Nor me either," Jamie replied.

"'Twould fool ye somewhat if I did make some money on the thing, wouldn't it?" lashed out the tormented William. "Fool us, why haven't we just been suggesting to you ways of investing the stuff? What do you mean by such a suggestion?"

"Oh, take another drop and let up on this. I get it at home and I get it here. I'm sick of it. If I'd known there was an inventor in the family—but I won't say the rest."

"Well, well, any port in a storm, but, William, we didn't intend to storm ye in the premises. We rather thought it a matter for congratulation." Jamie in saying it didn't crack a smile.

"Your grandmother, ye did. Well, the treat's on me. No, no," we both protested. "It's about my time to meet their nibses," said Jamie, looking at his watch. "I'll have to bid you goodby till later." All three then repaired to other quarters.

The previous year had been spent by William Anderson and his wife in Europe. On the hills and among the bleak mountains of Scotland they found many friends with whom it was great entertainment to while away the summer, and then the winter was pleasantly spent along the Mediterranean.

While traveling the Andersons leased their Washington home to a congressman from the west. It was a fine house on a stylish street and 'twas their purpose to hold it until their own residence was built the following year. William's Scotch thrift prompted him to suggest re-leasing it and so their home was let to the congressman and left in surveillance of the landlord who owned the block.

The congressman alluded to was a gentleman of very social

habits, among which were giving dinners and smokers to his friends. Being a full-blooded Deutscher of course his friends, too, were largely of that "persuasion." When the occasion of several distinguished friends having arrived from Europe, Congressman Schlaunchleighter decided on giving one of the greatest entertainments of the season at his house. Scores of Washington's more or less prominent Germans were to be there.

Great preparations were made and eagerly looked forward to was the affair by about all concerned.

On the day of this event the owner of the house, passing along that street, was surprised to see barrels of beer being rolled up the front steps of marble and through the finely carpeted and frescoed hall. Opposite the neighbors, very stylish and particular, were glancing from their windows at such an unusual sight.

Two large whole hogs were in the niched and decorated vestibule for the passers by to gaze at in wonderment. Broad-bottomed and bulky-bodied children, large as grown lumbermen and ungainly as hippopotami, walked stolidly through the rooms and up and down the stairs, smoking ill smelling pipes, and a baby modeled after a beer-barrel, puffed and grunted, rolling himself into first one hog and then the other lying in the vestibule.

The landlord walked up the front steps, between the butchered products, over the baby into the hall. "Is the gentleman in?" he asked. A shrewd, good natured Teuton of the days of Wooten von Twiller, spoke up behind a cloud of tobacco smoke in the front parlor, assuring the caller that he was there.

"Isn't it rather odd to be transferring heavy merchandise through the front hall and parlors of a house like this?"

"Aind id rather odd to address the chair before the house has come to order?" the Dutchman said, smiling blandly after a volume of smoke had rushed from his mouth to the eyes of a cherub in the ceiling.

"I presume you are a congressman?" the proprietor retorted.

"Yes, I represent the larchest congressional district in the United States."

"Very appropriately, I should think," the man of property returned, eyeing the statesman's huge proportions, "but I merely wished to state that I am the owner of this house and I thought I would stop in and ask you to have the draymen and porters

observe some care as they roll boxes and barrels over the fine stone-work of the front. I would suggest that you lay canvas or bagging so as to protect the finish if you must take them in by that route. And you certainly cannot feel justified in ruining the lady's carpets by this kind of work."

"My friend," said the great congressman, "when I rented this place I also rented some beds and chairs and pots and skillets and dishes and fire-places and mandel-bieces. I don't want your carved works and your carpets and your flummy diddles all over the walls and floors and ceilings. You can take 'em away. I rented the house from der lady. She can take 'em away."

"Me and my family gant spend our time daking care of such things. You haf other things to suggest? I will hear you. You can smoke. There is pipes and tobacco. Here iss a chair. I have some famous Piper Heidsick. Here Rudolph, bring Piper Heidsick and some glasses," he said, addressing a sleepy looking leviathan who with tobacco behind his cheek was chewing and voiding his mouth upon the polished fender.

"No! thank you!" said the surprised and overwhelmed man. "I must go; my business is pressing; but let me suggest in leaving that I have power to eject you for non-observance of the requirements of tenancy which you are so grossly violating."

"My friend," the undisturbed Dutchman proceeded, "let me tell you a story. Ven I was a law—" But the business man was gone and one of the jolly congressman's choicest anecdotes is lost to us through a disgusted landlord's impatience.

Schlaunchleighter continued puffing his meerschaum. Discomfiting a Washington landlord was something to be proud of but the congressman seemed not to be vain of his achievement. He merely smoked on until the room resembled a Newfoundland fog bank.

The great entertainment spoken of was ready and as the evening advanced it seemed to the surprised dwellers in this aristocratic and quiet neighborhood as though an avalanche of ponderous, hilarious Teutons had been precipitated into their street. It poured into the congressman's house, from the windows and vestibule of which came many sounds and other evidences of jollification.

The host was seated in the front parlor surrounded by several Germans of high degree. Beer was standing on the table in a huge tankard. Streams of beer ran from the table and slops

of it were upon the floor. Foam flew in all directions and waiters brought the dripping steins to guests seated throughout the elegant rooms.

All this could be dimly seen amid the smoke that rushed in thick volumes from voluble mouths. As the talk was all in German we will not try to translate more of it that has bearing upon the incidents of this story.

"How is it that you do not have saw-dust upon these floors instead of such fine carpets?" said a portly spectacled man fresh from the Fatherland.

"These carpets are not mine," the congressman replied. "If I put saw-dust over them they might be damaged by it."

"But this will ruin them, anyway. Why did you not take them up and sell them?"

"Why," said the astonished congressman, "that would not do. I would have to pay for them if I did such a thing."

"But is it not all the same?" said the other, removing the pipe from his mouth. In a few weeks they will be worth nothing, and in all that time they will be only a nuisance to you, for they will keep the floor wet and dirty and perhaps make sickness in your family. Now if you should sell them and take one half of the money and let the other half be held for the owner, would it not be better than to have them in the way and cause them to be worth nothing besides to any one.

"When that lady went away she as good as gave them to you or threw them away. Now selling them would be an act of merit and entitle you to a large percentage of salvage. That is the way it would be viewed in Germany."

"Oh, my friend, you know nothing of American laws. If I should do such a thing as you suggest there is not money enough in the United States to elect me to the Senate. No, Herr Von Blattengutt, the lady left the things here in my way and I will endure the nuisance. I will leave them alone as though I knew not of their being here. Then when she comes to take possession she will find them just where she left them and no one can say that Schlaunchleighter acted dishonestly."

Well, William and Mrs. Anderson came home on the day that the congressman vacated their house. They saw the lumbering procession move out and then the canny Scotchman and his American wife went to view the wreck. The largest congressional district had lain heavily upon them in the past year. Its

slumbering children had spoiled every mattress, blanket and coverlet in the house. Its vaunted bovine product in the shape of boot heels had ground all usefulness out of the carpets besides splintering every piece of finish and furniture within reach. The curtains were twisted and tied in hard knots. All shades were torn from their rollers and an ill-smelling voiceless horror filled the house from cellar to garret.

Mrs. Anderson raised one corner of a mattress and let it drop, a corner of another and let it drop, a third and let it drop with a clutch at her throat. Then she went to the pantry and moved a box. She shrieked as a dozen huge amber colored fellows scudded to cover under her skirts.

In the yard was a ground canopy comprising every conceivable kind of cast off articles made of cloth, wood or leather. Under each one was was a wriggling colony of many legged blueish bugs.

Mrs. Anderson called William and pointed to the various exhibits. "Get me two strong men and a large wagon. Let everything be hauled to the dump. Wait, though. Let's see Schlaunchleighter first."

They found the congressman in a committee room at the capital and called his attention to the fact that all their household goods were ruined.

"Well, did you find anything missing?" inquired Schlaunchleighter.

"No," the lady said, "I didn't find anything missing, but I found my house in a condition that prohibited search for the missing."

"My dear lady, I inquire again if all the articles you left in the house were not there?"

"Mr. Schlaunchleighter, it is immaterial. So many things are there which I didn't leave in the house that search is impossible until a fire brigade has cleared and cleaned the premises. What I wish to know is if you are willing to pay me something for ruining my two thousand dollars worth of property."

"Madam, I have paid my lease to the last cent. I owe you nothing. I have nothing more to do with your house."

"But I shall have to pay a thousand dollars damages on the wood-work and stone-work and plastering and painting that your family has destroyed. Will you not assist me in some of this?"

"Madam, you have my answer. I have paid my lease and I owe you nothing."

Never, perhaps, did a large man fade away so quickly as Schlaunchleighter left that room after giving his ultimatum. He was "needed on the floor," he said and they saw him no more.

"It's a grand thing to go to the West," William said as he met his two friends and they sat again around the table for their customary hob-nob. "There you don't have to hunt up little contemptible ways of making a living and a man makes money without having to be ashamed of himself."

"Stung again?" inquired Sandy.

"Going to leave Washington?" questioned Jamie.

William didn't answer but proceeded, "Now, there's that brother-in-law of mine. If he'd gone west he'd have made a good, solid farmer and wouldn't have bothered with inventions."

"I understand that he did go south," Jamie suggested.

"Well that's no place for a young man to go who wants to make something of himself. He can be a clerk and that's about all. But this boy stayed in the east until his head was filled with crank notions. I tell you, he'd gone to the west and got a farm of his own he wouldn't have thought of the things he is bothering me with."

"Yes," Sandy commented. "There's Edison and Westinghouse and a lot of other eastern cranks that ought to have gone west to cure them." William sipped his toddy in silence for a minute.

"Of course," he said at length, "a man can give up to fool nonsense in any part of the country—and this young man ain't one of the great ones like Edison and Westinghouse. He ain't in that class at all. I wish he was."

"How do you know till ye've tried him out?" Jamie retorted.

"How do I know? How do I know that a percheron isn't a race-horse?"

"Why don't you throw him over and have nothing more to do with him?" proposed Sandy.

"Well, you see, I'm two thousand in now and that's too much to throw away. It looks like another five hundred'll put him through, and there might be something in it after all." "It's a great agricultural machine, isn't it?" Sandy asked. "Well, it looks to me like Jamie here might lend a little official influence to try it out at least."

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed Jamie. "Do you recollect what that sort of thing did to G—— in C——'s cabinet? No, Sandy, I beg to be excused. I wouldn't touch it with a ten foot pole. If it ever becomes a great success I'm fearful for my department on William's account here."

"Oh, well," Sandy replied gaily, "William can get out when the money begins to pile up from it and nobody need be the wiser."

"It's the money piling up on it now that worries me," remarked William, "not the money to come in."

"We'll see," Sandy chuckled, "we'll see about that part of it some day." The bottle and glasses were empty and an immediate adjournment was agreed upon.

About two dozen people had met in the guest rooms of a fine mansion. A lady of some embonpoint was earnestly conversing with a group of other ladies.

"How splendid it is to have such a brother. He may become one of our great inventors," said one of the matrons of slender build.

"I feel very much elated," returned Mrs. Anderson. "My brother has received quite flattering encouragement from those who are putting it through for him." "They are patent attorneys, aren't they?" remarked another. "A matter of business, likely, it is with them, but I sincerely hope that your brother will succeed."

"But," flashing up at the covert attack as she deemed it, of one whom she suspected of jealousy, "the examiners have evinced almost enthusiasm as to its value. I have sounded them as to the probable attitude of the commissioner and they are almost confident of his interest."

"Indeed those are most significant circumstances," replied the other. "I can almost see your brother in affluence and enjoying his renown." Just then a man of thirty came in and Mrs. Anderson introduced him as her brother.

As John Thorp advanced it was plainly seen that he was a most diffident man. He merely bowed to the ladies and remained silent. "It's a sign of a great mind," whispered the lady who had addressed Mrs. Anderson, but her words were audible to most of the group.

"We hear that you have an important patent pending," said one lady, "and we hope for your success. "Thank you," Thorp

replied, "I have tried my machine and found it does the work."

"But the patent is the thing. The great matter is to get the patent." "Oh, yes," another chimed, "so many men have had their ideas stolen. Weren't you afraid to show your machine before it was patented?"

"To tell the truth, ladies, no one believed I was able to invent anything. So confident of my inability were all the people I knew that it was safe enough to work without a patent. I couldn't have given it away."

"How strange," came from several.

"On the other hand I knew a man who was working on perpetual motion and kept his operations very secret. At last he proclaimed that he had it—almost—and shortly afterwards his place was broken into and overrun by the crowd of enthusiasts who wanted to copy and improve upon his device." "Wasn't that too bad," one or two ladies remarked.

"But you might have been treated like a man I knew of who worked for years to invent an unrefillable bottle. When he applied for a patent it was found that his idea had already been patented."

"Then what did he do?" asked Thorp.

"Why he smashed the bottle and made it unrefillable without a patent."

"What about the man who got the patent?" a lady asked.

"It is said that he was obliged to resort to the same means to making his bottle a success."

"Well," laughed Thorp, "I'll never smash my machine to make a success of it."

"I've heard," continued the lady smiling, "that most inventions smash a lot of people before they become successes."

Mrs. Anderson seemed ill at ease. Trifling was little in her line. "We expect to sell the patent and make a lot of money out of it. People lose their money by holding onto them."

"If it's a really valuable one it seems a pity to dispose of it before its worth is recognized," continued one of the ladies. "I should organize a company to develop it fully. I wouldn't have people saying I had stupidly thrown away a good thing."

Thorp favored forming a company and finally Mrs. Anderson agreed to it. She approached her husband upon the subject. "Now, William," she said "brother John is going to organize a company for developing his machine. I want you to be president

of it. John will be secretary and manager.

"Two of my lady friends have agreed to be charter members until their places can be supplied by bona fide moneyed men."

Mr. Anderson didn't answer at once. He took time as if to think, although he didn't need one second. "Elizabeth," at length he said, "I shall decline the honor of being president of the new company, and if you can find a purchaser for my one-fourth of the patent after it is issued, I will sell out for just what it has cost me, twenty-four hundred dollars."

The patent was issued to Thorp and Mrs. Anderson, and somehow it became the impression in New York among a class of speculators that this invention was being backed by the Department of Agriculture. At once William was besieged by half a dozen promoters who wrote or sent agents asking for a price on the patent.

"Now, William," said his wife, "you see what a great thing we have stumbled upon." Still he wouldn't agree to be the company's president. He met the two friends and they talked the matter over. The inventive brother-in-law had now become an asset of some importance and was alluded to with becoming respect. Jamie, not realizing the fact of his own preponderance in the matter, was almost enthusiastic in his friend's behalf.

William's letter-heads, taken from the department stationery, had done the trick, unknown to the three. Sandy was still skeptical, but his caution was thought to be jealousy instead of the contempt that all level headed men, especially Scotchmen, were supposed to have for patents.

"I shall ask two hundred thousand for the patent," said William. "That'll be fifty thousand dollars apiece for Elizabeth and me and a hundred thousand for John."

For a large woman of forty to visit Texas forty-five years ago was a task of greater moment than at the present day. One used to all the nice little things, appurtenances of the toilet and dressing room as was Mrs. Anderson, took a rather wild leap in the dark in going to spend three months with her brother at his ranch.

Bath tubs were unknown, toilet soaps and powders had a good per cent of alkali in them, while sweet milk and good wheat flour were scarce as substitutes.

Floors were usually rough, with cracks that admitted sting-lizards, and partitions were made of anything from logs

with the bark on to slabs with the bark off. They merely kept the wind out, but were scarcely so efficient as to prying eyes. But the machine was built down here in Texas and therefore Mrs. Anderson undertook the journey and visit.

Colonel Humphries was a planter upon whose place Thorp was building his experimental machine on account of having there facilities that he needed for operating upon raw cotton. Cotton gins, a steam engine, plenty of room, and a supply of cotton were all freely offered to him on most liberal terms.

Mrs. Anderson had always imagined that in meeting a southern gentleman she would find a man of haughty and forbidding demeanor with whom her deportment would be the extreme of reserve. However, when the lady came to his place with her brother, nothing could induce Col. Humphries to permit such a thing as a cold lunch at the gin house or anything less than an acceptance of the hospitality of his house. To such lengths were those dinners prolonged that John Thorp found himself compelled to be excused for the sake of his work and to leave his sister to the entertainment of the fine old Confederate officer and his family.

Mrs. Anderson had traveled extensively and 'twas soon evident to her that Col. Humphries was not far behind in that respect. A mere narration of places and sights seen in travels soon becomes something like a prolonged recitation in school, but Col. Humphries had seen and experienced much out of the usual run, and well knew how to make a story entertaining.

He told Mrs. Anderson about a trip to Boston several years before. At her request he lit his favorite cigar.

"I was mayor of a southern city just after the war was over," he began, "and the council having decided to make some improvements in the way of waterworks, paving, etc., I was appointed and means voted me for a visit to Boston in order to examine some civic matters in that place.

"Now, as I was a real colonel in the Confederate service during the war, I must confess that I felt some trepidation about going to a place so antagonistic to my sort of principles as Boston, but it was decreed and so I summoned my courage for the expedition. I arrived safely and registered my name as Col. Humphries of Texas.

"I gave a porter a half dollar and was rewarded by hearing the following colloquy regarding myself. 'He ain't one of them

fightin' rebel colonels. He's one of them rich old fellers that used to own niggers. They call themselves "Colonel" just as we say mister.'

"The real colonels are too mad, I guess, to come up here," said a waiter with whom the porter was conversing.

"As I was starting to walk out a large stern man advanced and asked me if I was Colonel Humphries of the —th Texas regiment. 'That was my regiment,' I said.

"And you doubtless remember the Massachusetts regiment that fought you about Galveston?" 'I recollect it well,' I said. It was customary talk that if the Yankees could once get the Confederates in their towns after the war was over and fear of retaliation was past they would inflict the most terrible cruelties upon us, and as this stern old warrior whom I felt he must be, stood growling at me, I thought, 'Well, I've come to the wrong place and I've certainly got to fight.'

"I was Colonel Hughes of that command. Do you remember me?"

"Good God! I thought, 'have I got to fight Col. Hughes another land and water campaign?' My mind was made up to put in the best licks I could with my cane and then rush to the steamer I had arrived on where my baggage containing my pistols were still aboard. 'I remember you well,' I said.

"Said Col. Hughes, 'We fought each other there but neither of us achieved very much success. Suppose you come to my house where we can have it out to our satisfaction.' He fairly glared at me with his great red face and protruding eyes.

"Really,' I replied with as much modesty as my rising wrath would permit 'really I did not come here to fight, and if this is a sample of the treatment I am to have I shall immediately depart provided I am allowed to do so. Under no circumstances will I fight you except in self defence.'

"Colonel Hughes broke into a great laugh that sounded like the roar of some wild animal and grasped my hand. 'I thought there was no way to lure one of you southerners to my house but to offer you the prospect of a scrap there,' he roared, 'but now I shall give you the grandest reception I ever shall have given any living man. I'll show your kind of southerners that the reason we fought you was to keep you with us to aid against a thousand times worse enemies than you could possibly be.

"For a long time I have been wanting to proclaim this sen-

timent to you ex-confederates and show you by some act that it is in earnest. Don't resist me any farther. This is the most pleasureable day of my life. I've caught you here at last, the very man who opposed me face to face. Now you shall see how we real Yankees regard the brave commanders who fought us so honorably.'

"Of course I saw that his first remarks were mere banter and I went with him. He would not hear of my staying a day or night at the hotel. His home was my home, and there as he promised I experienced the most cordial reception of my life. Men who had fought against me in Texas came hundreds of miles to grasp my hand and have a great reunion at Colonel Hughes' princely home.

"My stay which was to be only a few days, was lengthened into weeks, and I departed full of kindness and veneration for a state that had produced such glorious blunt heroes as Colonel Hughes. Through his unsought influence I negotiated loans for our city that have been of immeasurable benefit to us. If I ever catch him south I will meet him with something different from the shot and shell I poured upon him on his first visit."

"That trip to Boston has made you more liberal to northerners than many of your countrymen are," Mrs. Anderson suggested.

"Yes, it is surely the case. I find also that merely traveling through a country never gives one true conceptions of its inhabitants. How would you have regarded this section but for the chance circumstance of coming to my house or another like it?"

"Very true, Colonel Humphries, I might have known no place intimately except Mt. Sinai and the other surroundings of my brother's ranch, including that impossible Slapfoot place."

"And have imagined that the leading men of Texas are the Youngblood and Jamison brothers?"

"I might have thought so."

"I was truly surprised at meeting them one day in Elder McKimmons' store. I fancied that the Youngbloods were most ferocious looking people. I saw "Jim" Youngblood there posting the elder's books and a bevy of nice young ladies, including his sister, surrounding him in almost a frolic. I understood they were members of his Sabbath school class."

"Yes? Well, but for whiskey I think those brothers might become real fine citizens yet."

John Thorp felt something of importance while negotia-

tions were pending and was busy furnishing data for William to use in the sale. He was even called into the august presence of Jamie upon one occasion and became lionized until a cabinet meeting broke up the sitting.

The promoters I have alluded to soon found that department letter heads and department sanction were two utterly different things and after becoming aware of the undeveloped condition of matters they cautiously withdrew leaving William to at least fancy that he was laughing-stock for Jamie and Sandy who although never referring directly to the great expectations fiasco, seemed to have a twinkle in their eye when financial matters were referred to.

Twenty-five hundred dollars was a sum that for many months William dreaded to hear named and he especially prized his shrewdness in not allowing his name to be blazoned as president of the company. That would have been the last straw and precluded anything like pleasure in Sandy's or Jamie's company.

Thorp now went south and began to canvas the matter among his old acquaintance with the result that a new company was formed and money raised for development of his invention. The machine was brought to a more eastern city and the development progressed very well until Thorp's left hand was caught and almost amputated in the gearing. Then for a time things went more slowly.

William knew "that the crazy fellow would cripple himself fooling with his patents," and told Sandy as much, but not his wife, who was very miserable about her brother's misfortune and prevailed upon her close-fisted husband to add another hundred to the sum already invested in distant castles. "It'll be the last," William groaned, "unless he tears his head off and then I suppose we'll have to bury him."

At length Thorp working with one hand made a full demonstration of the capacity of his machinery. No longer was there a doubt of its final success. Thus the directors proposed to purchase the outstanding one-fourth owned by William and represented by his twenty-six hundred dollars. Cautiously communicating with the canny Scotchman, they found that with all moneys refunded and eight per cent per annum added for interest, he would be satisfied to relinquish his holdings.

One fine day William drew twenty-eight hundred dollars from the Columbia National Bank and signed his release of the

patent. This transaction was expeditiously paraded before his two chums who were very glad that his character as a fellow Scotchman was vindicated. Had not a cabinet meeting intervened there is no telling what the condition of Sandy and William would finally have been. As for Jamie, as I have said, his partaking of strong refreshments was only a pretense.



When my brother and I came to Texas, having good voices we were quite good singers and were invited to sing and would help in protracted meetings and throughout the country generally.

Having studied vocal music in Nova Scotia, and being quite proficient in reading the round notes, and as there were few music teachers, I commenced teaching singing schools. My first class was in the old Mt. Calvary church four miles west of Richardson, Texas. I was going to literary school to Prof. G. T. Willburn, who was teaching a pay school at the same time. He gave me my tuition. I taught a half hour each school day and a charge of fifty cents per pupil was to pay my board, and I boarded with old uncle Billy Huffhines who lived not far from the church.

My second class was at old Pleasant View church. It is now Fisher Village about five or six miles north of Dallas. I taught Saturday afternoons and we would sing throughout Sundays. Being a singer and a painter also I have spent a large portion of the time painting in the winter and singing in the summer.

In the fall of 1879 I married Miss Harriet Alexander at old Wire Grass prairie, ten miles south of Greenville, Hunt county, and the next year we moved to Cooper, Delta county. Having taught a number of classes in and around Cooper, in August, 1881, a big singing and picnic was held in the Townsend grove about six or seven miles west of Cooper, and arrangements were started to organize a convention, and in June, 1882, the Delta County Musical Association was organized, W. E. Smith, president; J. M. Crowell, secretary, and has met every year since.

COLE YOUNGBLOOD.

Those who knew Cole Youngblood were impressed with the straight business air that always bristled about him. In the Mt. Sinai neighborhood he with his brothers were buying and collecting a herd of cattle to be driven into Louisiana.

Some sport was usually going on at the Youngblood camp where we who rode about sometimes visited, and it was well known that what were considered high-toned bandits, sometimes stopped and remained a few days in passing through the country.

Certain intimates of Cole's old campaigning days were invited to his camp although some of them bore quite a shady reputation. Yet they must not be other than "gentlemanly," otherwise Cole quickly told them to move on.

Card games were in almost constant operation, but it was well understood that the object was merely diversion, and no bonanza games were allowed. I never heard of a stake higher than ten dollars being played there.

My two house-building friends spent a few Saturday afternoons at the Youngblood camp as it was often about the only place to go unless they chose to visit the county town, some ten miles away. As my friends were not drinking men, a visit to so barren a place couldn't afford pleasure enough to make the trip worth while.

Whiskey was never allowed to be drunk at that camp. For the herder and his friends drinking was only a Saturday indulgence and usually done in "town" as every hamlet was called. Of course there were some infringements of this rule, but Cole wouldn't stand many.

McLeod and Harry were rather fine singers, and like many ramblers, had a good stock of laughable stories. Thus they were welcome to all the men around the campfire. They often stopped in when watering their horses at the fine spring near by.

One afternoon the Jamisons came there together and, after resting, concluded to have a little practice. First they galloped along a staked fence about twenty paces away, shooting at the stakes with pistols. Every time they fired a stake was hit.

"How's that, Yankee?" said Jesse Jamison, looking at Mc-

Leod. "That looks like fine shooting," answered Mac. "Oh, 'that's just ordinary farm practice. Now let me show you some real shootin'." Two locust trees stood a short distance apart and he cantered his horse along past them. Then turning he came back in a dead run and shot a bullet into each tree as he passed. Turning again and again, he rushed past the trees delivering a shot at each until five times it had been done.

We went and on each tree found the five bullets all within a space that a half dollar would cover. As many as four balls were welded into one mass.

Harry and Mac expressed their admiration, but Jesse said, "Not much in that, 'cause a tree can't shoot back. Shootin' at a man that's shootin' at you is where a fellow shows up."

"I wouldn't like to be that man," observed Mac.

One Saturday, all had repaired to the saloon in Mt. Sinai early in the day and drinking was going on freely. Now Mt. Sinai had its temperance society of the Sons of Temperance and later than this about all the drinkers in the village belonged to it. The Youngbloods were exceptions for they seemed to have an aversion to making a burlesque of serious subjects.

So many whiskey men joined the "Sons" that on the night of election McLeod, who was president, found himself ousted and the saloon-keeper installed in his place. Of course this broke the society up, for none of the real temperance people would endure the hilarious mockery that it was.

At the time I have referred to the "Sons" was flourishing and a young man named Estes was its president.

The sporting crowd of the neighborhood was at the saloon. John Youngblood was treating everybody and everybody had tipped the glass with him. Estes happened to step into the saloon to speak to a friend and immediately John pinned him. "Say, Estes, glad to see you. Come up and have something to drink."

"Why, John, I can't drink," Estes replied, "I don't ever take any now."

"But you will take some when I invite you. Nobody refuses to drink with a Youngblood."

"John, I can't drink with you. I must go now."

"Hold on. Don't go without a drink. I swear you shall take a glass with me. Youngblood was drawing his gun. "Don't try to leave without it."

But Estes was moving out of the door. "Stop, Estes!" Youngblood shouted, but the man kept moving and bang went the gun.

Estes, walking steadily in an ordinary gait, continued going while six bullets were shot through his clothing and hat.

John Youngblood turned to the crowd and said, "That crank's got plenty of sand. D—— if his coat won't have to be darned like a yanksee's lingo. I'll bet he'll never drink out of that hat again."

More than a score of men had seen the performance, but none interfered or said a word against it.

Cole Youngblood came in when the shots were fired. Learning the cause, he said, "John, you're a disgrace to the family. You'd better clear out of here if you can't do better than that." The gentle reader must not infer that Cole was alluding to his brother's marksmanship. He was not.

John started to answer angrily, but the other seized him by the arm and led him away. "It's the whiskey in him," said the elder brother. "When he gets drunk, he has no sense."

McLeod said to me one day, "The Youngbloods and their friends seem to have taken a fancy to me. I don't know what to do. I've found out they are the most noted desperadoes in America; but they are such nice, agreeable people and usually so much like the upper classes in my own country, I can't think I oughtn't to accept their kindnesses."

"Of course you ought," I said. "There's little enough for you here. You are lucky. Have all the pleasure you can."

"You've been to their house, haven't you?" Mac asked me. "Certainly; I went with poor Hand, and at other times. "We were royally entertained."

McLeod was a mere kid, but one to whom everybody took as naturally as we take to a sunny nook in a flower garden. He couldn't understand why those desperate and hunted men liked him so well, but I knew 'twas their longing for the old times when they went to Sunday School as boys and mingled with such as Mac. Why, the happiest I ever saw them was during their two years respite at Mt. Sinai when no other teachers in that little free for all church were liked so well as Cole and Jim Youngblood when they taught the overflowing Sunday School classes. And with what pride they caught the eye of the preacher as he mutely desired them to turn their eyes to the roystering

kids near the door, well knowing that one fixed glance from them would restore order.

McLeod was a mere boy, except his skill as a mechanic. With no talents besides a fine singing voice, he was always noticed and treated by the brothers with polite cordiality. Certainly they were peculiar desperadoes and one Sunday after a very enthusiastic Sabbath school session, Mac, as he mounted his pony, was courteously invited to the Youngblood home for dinner. Mac was seated next to the beautiful Rita and was becomingly bashful at the honor.

Doubtless they were amused at his very boyish demeanor and looks. They seemed to be struck with the idea of such a youth being alone all the way from Massachusetts and doing business so thoroughly and with the confidence of a man.

"Do they teach house-building in the common schools of your country?" Cole asked him.

"No, but I went an apprentice at the age of sixteen."

"You don't look older than that now."

"Mac modestly proceeded: "I served three years and have been a year for myself. I was foolish enough to lose last year raising cotton in Mississippi."

"Didn't you make a fine crop? I'll bet you worked hard enough." Cole showed both amusement and interest.

"You're right. I made a good crop and a big one. My partner, who was a Chicago printer, had his hands blistered in June when the sun began to get hot and then he went away leaving me his crop to finish, besides my own."

"I don't see how a Chicago printer came to go into cotton framing in Mississippi," said Cole, laughing.

"Why, this is how it was. We were in the Y. M. C. A. of Chicago, and a reverend looking planter from Mississippi came in and made us a very affecting religious talk. Then he told us about the poor ignorant darkies of his country and said that we boys could go down there and be a God-send to them, besides making a fortune for ourselves. The darkeys would flock to us be taught and almost worship the ground we stood on. All the time we could be making money hand over fist and be accumulating valuable property that would rise no telling how high."

"Did he take you down there?"

"Yes, he was a colonel and owned stock in a railroad running down into Mississippi and had a pass from a superintendent

ent for a lot of hands to work on the railroad and to be taken down from Chicago."

"And he took you to his plantation without costing him a cent."

"No, he treated us to ten cents worth of apples." Everybody laughed at the colonel's munificence and McLeod continued: "We went with him and worked hard enough. I was enthused. The idea of making a fortune and owning land was immense to a boy."

"I reckon you've lost your fortune in speculation," suggested Cole.

"I didn't make one," earnestly replied Mac. "The old chap hired hands to help me pick cotton and did the weighing himself, and when the board bill for myself and partner and railroad fares from Chicago were added to the cost of picking, at the wind up, cotton was down to the lowest notch. I walked ten miles to the nearest town and learned that the price of cotton had nearly doubled since the old colonel got his last quotation. When I told him about it he said that his telegraphic report showed that it was down again. Then he presented my account which took all my cotton and corn and fourteen dollars beside. Being a very religious and humane man he allowed me to go without paying the fourteen."

"Were there no odd cent?" asked Jim.

"There were," Mac said, "but he knocked them off, saying it was not in his heart to be exacting of anyone."

"He never insisted on your teaching the darkeys, did he?"

"No, his manner changed when we crossed the Ohio river, and when the land was allotted he put negro hands all around us and dryly said that the niggers would teach us how to do."

"How did you and your partner like that arrangement?"

"Well, we never had any idea of teaching the darkeys. Our heads were too full of our cotton future. We didn't care a snap for the darkeys. They soon began to teach us, though."

"How was that?" Jim asked pleasantly.

"Why, we lost most of our clothing and even our plows and tools. My partner had been one of General Grant's soldiers and I thought our property would be safe among the freedmen on that account, but they stole his things first."

There was a good laugh for Mac and his partner.

It was a real hospitable entertainment not a whit behind

the after church dinner of New England and all Christendom.

No one would have thought that the host of that entertainment was the most terrible captain of that dreaded guerilla command which ravaged and terrorized the vast Missouri valley for years, and yet as the desert came on and when the company repaired to the veranda Cole Youngblood became more serious and began to relate experiences that made the blood of McLeod grow chill in his veins and then warm towards the outlaws at whose board he sat.

Their complexions, their features, their manners and accent told that they were of gentle and probably English stock, and herein I seem to see the reason of their being drawn to this boy with his fair skin, light silken hair, and silvery voice. Moreover, he had shown indomitable pluck in his time as they had in theirs.

Cole Youngblood began in well modulated tones: "We were Union people and our father was on the northern side all through the Kansas troubles before the war. Our estate was one of the fine and large ones that lay just outside of Kansas City. We raised and sold hundreds of horses and mules and our house was the center of a rich and prosperous life-enjoying country side. Our sociability was as profuse and refined as could be found in any of the rich farming sections north or south." We were all listening attentively now for Cole Youngblood's eyes began to blaze and his hand came down fiercely.

"My father was murdered and robbed by men in Federal uniforms. He was waylaid on a trip to Kansas City with a large sum of money and the robbery was traced to Union soldiers. We older boys joined a guerilla band to avenge, avenge!" Cole paused.

"Then, at the beginning of the war, the civil authority amounted to nothing and we were too hot headed and wrought up by the lawlessness going on all around to wait for the slow processes of the government.

"We surely made it hot for the dogs who murdered our father. Many a one of them rolled in the dirt before they were fully aware that we were after them. Then it was plot and counterplot for months but we always got the best of them. We wiped out more than our own number and the government was aroused against us. An immense price was set upon our heads. Everything was taken from our homes but the bare house that my mother and sisters lived in. That seemed to be

left for the most damnable outrage of all.

"One night, bitterest of the winter, they applied the torch, and we saw by the light of the burning house our mother and sisters driven out into the snow bare-footed and in their night clothes. Hundreds of blue overcoated soldiers of the Union surrounded the place and jeered at their plight.

"We were a few on a near by hill. Three brothers of us clasped hands and as the flames leaped to heaven we swore an awful oath to the Almighty with curses upon our heads if we receded.

"Our mother died from the exposure of that night and we set about our bloody work. Our oath called for one hundred each."

Cole Youngblood stopped. It was a cool afternoon, but the sweat streamed from his face. He went on:

"My brothers were killed soon after but I redeemed my promise. I killed over fifty in personal encounters and was satisfied that as many went out before my rifle, pistols, and knife, in the regular fights and pursuits

"We were nearly always chased by an army and couldn't take prisoners if we wanted to. That is one reason why the name of Quantrell struck terror to the Union. We cut off small parts of the army and annihilated them. We could ride through an army killing as we went, but we could take no prisoners.

"I didn't want to take them for the frenzy caused by our awful wrongs was upon me and nothing was so sweet as to kill."

The company was spell-bound at his recital and no one spoke. They saw before them the man for whom millions of money had been expended and many thousands soldiers had searched with the watchword, "Shoot 'em like wolves."

Jim Youngblood broke the spell by saying, "Yes, we youngest boys had to take him prisoner after it was all over and bring him down to a better paying business than killig men. He'd got so that the sight of an old blue coat made him crazy and it took us two or three years to cure him. He's all right now.

"He's satisfied now with a little Yankee for dinner on Sunday."

This didn't seem a very pleasant joke for Mac whom most people in Mt. Sinai called "The little Yankee," but it served as a bridge or ladder to bring feelings down to a common or frivo-

lous footing. Of course there was another laugh for McLeod.

A few selections of sacred songs were rendered with Jim Youngblood at the piano. Then a few instrumental pieces by the same performer, and a beautiful solo and accompaniment by Rita wound up the very pleasant afternoon's entertainment. McLeod rode home to my ranch in very good humor and for a day or two spoke frequently of Miss Rita whom he depicted as a very beautiful and superior girl.



I am writing this to show how noble and magnanimous many of those grand old Confederates could be. On my way from Boston, Mass., to Dallas, Texas, I arrived in Bryan about three or four o'clock one day. Bryan was then a very small railroad town. As I stood on the depot platform I could see the city hotel and a sign denoted that you could get entertainment at ten dollars per week. As I had but thirty-two cents, an entire stranger, a Yankee boy just from the hot bed of abolition, I thought I'd better look around. So as I "took in" the town I noticed a small sign on a nice little cottage, "Board and Lodging." A nice looking elderly lady was sewing on the front gallery. I walked in and introduced myself and asked if I could obtain entertainment. She said her husband was not in, but she was quite certain I could. I had left my carpet bag in care of the station agent. I could go and get it, and by that time she thought he would be in. So I did so, and when I got back he had returned. I explained to him my circumstances and we chatted quite a while; so as it was getting near night he told me to follow him. I told him I had no money; he said never mind, I would have. He showed me to the best room in the house and told me to make myself at home. When the bell rang for supper I went and sure did put away a square meal, for I had had nothing but crackers since I left Galveston. When I left the ship I put some bread in my pockets. Next morning I obtained employment at painting and could take my choice, either \$1.50 per day specie, or \$1.75 currency. Of course I took the currency, as I was traveling on the railroad and it was par with them. The gentleman who favored me so kindly was Col. Barnett, a confederate ex-officer.

ESTES.

My friend, Estes, didn't remain in Mt. Sinai, but returned to his home in a middle state. Traveling that way, I found him at the capital where he had become a reporter and correspondent of some note.

"Just now," he told me, "this state is in the throes of a great temperance movement."

"Well, that suits, doesn't it?" I thought of the time he risked the bullets rather than take a drink.

"Oh, I don't drink, mainly because I don't like the stuff. It's worse than medicine to me. And you know, that time, it was because I wouldn't be forced to do a contemptible thing."

"You're all right, Estes; but do you report the temperance meetings?"

"You see, they've got a great lecturer here from Indiana, and I won't stand the dead rot there is about him. Still I have to go and report him. He has to be fixed, though, every time he lectures or he's no good."

"Fixed, how?"

"Well, three full drinks of straight whiskey, no more, are his allowance to brace him up to one of his greatest harangues.

"It's an affecting sight in his hotel to see him surrounded by the leading temperance lights as a body guard solemnly pouring his three drinks and giving them to him

"Then they have to guard him on the way to the hall, for he has been known to rush into a saloon and drink a whole bottle before they could prevent it. He has to be kept a prisoner in every town where he lectures. And yet his appointments are quite seriously disarranged in spite of the vigilance of his guards. About once each week he is sharp enough to get on a regular booze which I have to report as a "sick spell."

"His own horrible example," I suggested.

"Too much so. It's disgusting to real temperance people and he's the laughing stock of all the sports. Yet whenever he speaks the halls are crowded and the papers proclaim him "the great temperance apostle." I dared to hint once about his weakness and the temperance lights all over the state came down on

me like a thousand of brick. I'm tired of this business."

Estes told me that some time back he had been sent up to the north part of the state to report Euphrates Springs and various matters for his paper. I will give his own description of the trip through that mountain district.

"It required a long stage trip but that jaunt wasn't so bad from the humorous standpoint. It's the only one I ever made a hundred miles of the worst roads, that was funny—yes, 'twas funny. We were held up on the way and the robbers proved to be our old friends, the Youngbloods." "The Youngbloods! Is this a joke?" "Joke; no."

"Say, boys," I told them, "I'd have bet when I had money, that the Youngblood brothers wouldn't come into the mountains of A—— to hunt wealth. I can't understand it." "Right, Estes," Jim said. "It's the last place on this green earth to look for the stuff, but we didn't come here for that purpose."

"Been to New Orleans and lost?"

"Yes, cattle didn't sell and other things didn't happen to suit. Had to raise the wind. This is a pitiful business. I'm ashamed of it. Good evening, Estes. Good evening, gentlemen and ladies. We'll return these dimes and quarters when we make a raise. Give your address to Mr. Estes and we'll return this borrowed change."

"They intend to do it," Estes told his fellow travelers. "I knew them two years ago in Texas. The oldest one used to be my sister's Sunday School teacher. He was also superintendent sometimes. A brother of his used to amuse himself by shooting holes in peoples' clothing."

"When it was hanging out to dry, I hope you mean," interposed one of the ladies.

"No, that isn't Youngbloodish at all. They had to be hanging on the man, and thirty to a hundred steps away." "Wasn't that dangerous?" asked a man who was turning his pockets back to their right positions.

"Yes, quite so for the clothing, and possibly the man."

"Why do you make the distinction?" asked a gentleman engaged in fishing his watch and chain from the bottom of his trowsers.

"Because," returned Estes "in any event the clothing was perforated, but if he kept cool the man often escaped without injury."

"These gentlemen have become really interesting since you have made them as your friends," said one of the ladies. "Perhaps you could beguile the monotony of our ride by telling us something more of them".

"Certainly if it can entertain you, and the company makes no objection." The company was wide awake and desired entertainment.

"In the first place let me assure you that our meeting was only incidental and our intimacy neither close nor warm. In fact my most earnest conversation with one of them was just prior to an incident such as I have just described. I treasure the hat now, and will value it as a souvenir of a narrow escape. My hair has grown out or I could show you other evidence of that playful episode." We skip some remarks of the travelers indicative of real interest.

"I was living a short time in the little village of Mt. Sinai in Texas, and the Youngbloods were there," Estes continued. "They seemed clever and gentlemanly fellows and were well enough conducted to command much esteem among our border settlers, most of whom were excellent people from the older states.

"It was soon known that the Youngbloods were living in Texas because Missouri was too insecure a place for them in their estimation.

"They had many bitter enemies in that state and also some old scores standing with the state and Federal authorities.

"They often visited their old home, but only on the wing, ready to fight or retreat as circumstances seemed to require. Some of our people thought their excursions northward portended news of another train hold up or bank robbery. Others believed they were members and agents of a vast horse stealing organization and went to arrange business matters pertaining."

"You intimated a while ago that they were leading lights of your churches," suggested the man who had at last rearranged his chain and seals.

"Well, I can explain the incongruity. They were disciplined by a religious father and mother, though how exemplary they were as boys I never learned. I suppose their piety had spells and interludes, for I often noticed how easy was the transition of their manners from the devout to the devilish and back again.

"The oldest one of them was piteously afraid of thunder

and lightning.

"Once a storm came up just as this one had killed two Unoin soldiers. A tremendous burst of thunder sent him upon his knees where he prayed and wailed in trembling anguish. Then when the storm had passed and the sun shone out he got up and pursued the Kansans again until he picked off two more."

"I hold the elements partly responsible for the last two," said the watch man.

"That is unfair," replied a lady. "The sun shines alike upon the just and the unjust."

"But the desperado took that sunburst as an omen of divine approval just as the Crusaders who saw the blazing cross, were encouraged to go ahead and murder millions of Mohammedans.

"I'm glad that we met those chaps and were introduced by this old friend of theirs, especially since they failed to get my watch and are pledged to return our money. I've read that the Youngbloods consecrated themselves to the mission of avenging their parents' death by killing all the men they could who had nothing to do with it."

"I prefer descriptive lessons and vote that Mr. Estes proceed with his entertainment," broke in one of the ladies.

"As you wish," smilingly bowed the gentleman who proved to be a Mr. Clayton.

"Well, I hope to please all, said Estes. "I was speaking of easy transitions. The most noticeable one I ever saw occurred at this same Mt. Sinai one Sunday morning in April. That you know, is a charming month in Texas. The prairie portions of the state are then vast flower gardens and lawns of brilliant grass and gay blossoms. Around Mt. Sinai the copses and thickets bordering the lovely prairies were masses of gorgeous color where birds by the hundred tried to sing louder and sweeter than the others. Nothing could be more entrancing than the bursting of that pellucid, glorious, Sunday morning upon Mt. Sinai.

"The little old combined church and school house under the great post-oaks on the plaza, was comfortably filled with the Sunday School going through its exercises. The regular superintendent, a preacher, had just come in late with his pack of hounds lathering from the chase of a mule-ear rabbit, and we all knew why he was late. His place had been worthily filled by Cole Youngblood who in his prayer that morning might have glanced back three or four years to the prayer I alluded to a

few minutes ago. At any rate it was a good prayer, and after some rather pretty courtesies between him and parson Butler, Cole went to his class of young ladies who had eyed the hounds angrily, as the cause of so much delay in getting their popular teacher that morning.

"Scarcely had the lazy, delightful, humming and droning of the school been resumed when suddenly the air of Mt. Sinai seemed to change. The ambrosial morning that one seemed to drink in draughts of delight, became terrified by something, no one could understand what.

"Soon four armed horsemen clattered into the square and up to the church. They arrested one of the Youngbloods, John, and a friend who came with him from Missouri. The arrest was only for misdemeanors in the county town near by, it was said, and after a talk all around, they agreed to go and pay their fines. 'We'll go to the house and get our horses and cloaks and then go with you,' they said. They had only shot up D—, and it was nothing of moment after a small fine was paid.

"The deputy sheriffs had been too wily to leave their horses unguarded. The one in command summoned a half dozen men, armed them with shot guns and stationed them in a store across the street. Then he sent four men to see that the two did not escape.

"The cloaks were procured but Youngblood and his companion saw that their horses were guarded. Down near the plaza four armed men were coming towards the desperadoes, who immediately turned and hurried to the store where the deputy sheriff was.

"Their work was sharp, quick and decisive. In a dozen seconds the sheriff and another deputy lay dying and in ten more their fine horses had been taken and Youngblood with his friend was flying towards Red river.

"There was also a half dozen men lying behind the counters of the store with shot guns under them."

"Were they dead, too?" asked a lady.

Estes said, smiling, "No, only frightened.

"When the other officers rode up, Cole Youngblood sternly pointed to their dead chief and companion and told them to take care of their dead. Meantime the men got up from behind the counters, and seeing blood became enraged. They loudly proposed for men to hunt down the fleeing fugitives, but two of

the nice Sunday School teachers got out in front and told them to 'shut up.' They didn't speak again perceptibly for an hour or more."

"Pretty good! very good!" said Mr. Clayton. "I propose the thanks of the company for this treat. Mr. Estes is a newspaper man from the capital where I am well acquainted."

"I should say so," broke in the lady, "and have suffered at the hands of his brethren of the quill."

"Ah, that's all a matter of the past. I've no resentment now," returned the ex-governor.



TO MAKE PROHIBITION A SUCCESS.

There are three fundamental principles involved which I believe is a good plan:

First, EDUCATION.

Second, OBEDIENCE.

Third, EXECUTION.

The very fact that the 18th Amendment is a part of our national constitution is because of the continual agitation through preaching, teaching, precept and example by those who have lived in the past who have proved to be earnest workers for the betterment and uplifting of humanity, both men and women, and it is our duty as good citizens to still continue in every honorable way the education of the people, warning the rising generations of the evils of intemperance. "Here a little, there a little; line upon line, precept upon precept."

Second. Obey the law, not because we fear it, but because we love it. Animated nature needs no other drink but water, especially mankind, who are the climax of God's creation, and if all would abstain and drink only water prohibition would be bound to be a success.

Third. Execution. I believe that if all officers from the highest national to the lowest local would do their duty, and the people would demand it of them, this would be a great factor in making prohibition a success; and if all jurors regardless of their personal opinion, would convict according to law and evidence, violations would be reduced to a very small per cent, which would help make prohibition more successful.

A MILD CRITICISM.

DEAR BROTHER MEADOWS:

As I am one of the oldest temperance lecturers now living in the State, having come to Texas when a young man, 56 years ago, and having spent a large portion of the time in Sunday School work, teaching vocal music, and lecturing on temperance, and have traveled over the country admonishing the rising generation to beware of the first glass of any kind of intoxicating liquors, be it fermented or distilled, and believing that a large majority (to say the least) of drunkards now living or in drunkard's graves, both male and female, made their start downward by drinking fermented liquor, and as I am an American citizen, feel that I have a right to criticise the Hearst temperance plan that received the \$25,000 prize.

Criticism 1st: "Let Congress repeal the Volstead Act."

I believe it would be wrong to do so, from the simple fact that it would be turning the flood gates of the liquor traffic loose. "Give the devil an inch and he will take an ell." You might as well try to regulate the water flowing over Niagara Falls. From past experience we know that saloon keepers have used beer license as a subterfuge and sold large amounts of distilled liquor illegally.

If we were to re-license the traffic in fermented liquor either State or National, we might as well have the old saloon back; and in these days of automobiles and fast traffic, life would be in much worse danger to a greater extent than ever before.

Criticism 2: "The word 'liquor' in the past was generally applied to distilled spirits in contradistinction to fermented products and in common parlance, even at the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment the word 'liquor' usually meant spiritous drinks, such as whiskey, gin, brandy, etc. Even today our dictionaries define 'liuqor' as an especial product of distillation."

I believe the above is a mistake. I have before me two copies of Webster's dictionaries. One the unabridged, and the other academic, and in both there is no distinction; one is as important as the other. As regards fermented or distilled liquor, as follows, from the unabridged: "Any liquid or fluid substance,

as water, milk, blood, sap, juice, and the like. 2nd, especially alcoholic or spiritous fluid, either distilled or fermented, etc."

From the academic: 1st, "Any liquid substance. 2nd, Alcoholic or spiritous fluid, distilled or fermented."

It may be that in New York liquor is looked on as stated in the plan, but in Texas we believe that any liquid that will make one drunk is liquor.

Criticism 3rd: "The insertion of the word 'distilled' before the words 'intoxicating liquor' would settle the whole question."

I cannot see it that way. It is a fact that intoxication from fermented liquors is worse than drinking distilled, one has to drink so much slop to get the desired effect and to the sin of intoxication is added gluttony.

It is a fact that at the end of the old saloon days that from 70 to 90 per cent of all intoxicating liquors drank was fermented beer.

Criticism 4th: "It suffices to say that distillation is the act of man and has been responsible for practically all the evils which 'liquor' has inflicted upon the human race, while fermentation is the act of nature and that to many must mean in the most reverential sense, the act of God."

And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.—Genesis 2-7.

I believe when God created man he put a distillery in his stomach, and when he became a living soul that human machine began to function, and so long as man obeyed the laws of nature it worked to perfection, but so soon as man began to violate those laws the machine became deranged and fermentation set up which is the beginning of decomposition or decay, so as we believe God is the author of all we must admit He created the process of distillation for it was not invented by man.

"Alcohol is not created in the act of distillation, but exists already in the fermented article, be it wine, beer, or whatever name may be given it; and that distillation simply separates the alcohol from the other substances with which it is mixed in these fermented beverages; and no more alcohol can be obtained by this process of distillation than was already in the fermented article before the distilling took place."

And we learn from history that the process of separating alcohol from fermented liquors was not discovered until the

eleventh century of the Christian era.

The first account of intoxication in all history is when Noah planted a vineyard, made and drank wine and got drunk, and from that time until one thousand years after Christ all liquors in use were the product of fermentation.

And when we contemplate the awful effects arising from its abuse, the sorrow, misery and woe, it is a sad mistake to say that "distillation has been practically responsible for all the evils 'liquor' has inflicted upon the human race."

"If our federal government persists in denying any latitude to the states in their regulation of fermented products, the states in their turn may refuse, one by one, to support the present illogical scheme of prohibition."

The author of the above has certainly got the cart before the horse. Mankind has been continually taught, warned and admonished ever since intoxication began to affect the human race to beware, and many rules and laws have been enacted for ages past, the purpose of which was to abate, control or regulate this awful curse but to no avail seemingly. One of the first methods was the pledge against distilled liquors, but people would get drunk on fermented products; then the total abstinence pledge, and another was local option, another was license, and after long years of educating, agitating and teaching both by precept and example, at last prohibition is being tried, and when the Eighteenth Amendment was enacted 2,453 counties in the United States were dry and only 365 were wet. The facts are the counties and states started the movement first and through persistent effort and undying love for humanity prevailed on the national congress to give us the 18th Amendment to our constitution. And the last presidential election proved to be the largest referendum ever voted and demands the retention and execution of the law.



TRAVEL ALL THE GAITS.

When I came to Texas in '73 the pride of most young men was a fine horse and saddle. To say the least a large majority of the people rode horse or mule back or in wagons, and lots of those wagons were drawn by oxen. There were many ways a horse traveled. They either fox-trotted, walked flat-footed, paced or raked, loped or run at full speed. Sometimes there were horses that could do most of them if not all, and the saying was, "Why, he or she can travel all the gaits," and that kind of an animal was valuable. And it was said of persons that were handy with tools or could do most anything, that "they went all the gaits."

My brother used to own a fine clay bank mare, and it was sure a joy to ride her.



SMELT THE PATCHING.

During my boyhood days while living in Nova Scotia, I remember nearly all the neighbor men owned muzzle loading rifles, and especially Thanksgiving and Christmas, would meet and shoot at a target, and the one that had hit the bull's eye the greatest number of times would get the turkey or goose as the case might be, and of course those who engaged in the sport would pay a small fee that would help to provide the birds to shoot for. In loading those rifles they would first put in a charge of powder and ram wadding down on that with the ram-rod. Then they would wrap the bullet in a small piece of cloth called "patching," and when the gun was discharged the bullet went to the target, the burning powder would set fire to the patching and smoking it would fall a short distance short of the target, but still be smoking so that persons examining the sportsmanship could smell it.

And it was a general saying when persons had had trouble or had experienced some great hardship, they had "smelt the patching."

FLASH IN THE PAN.

After powder was invented one of the first kind of guns used was the flint lock. It was a muzzle loader, the powder, wadding, bullet, ball or shot was put in the gun through the muzzle and rammed down with the ramrod. At the breach was a small pan and touch hole. They would burn rags and make tinder or punk as it was sometimes called, and put it in a small tin box called a tinder box; a piece of flint rock and a piece of steel would produce a spark of fire. By putting a small portion of tinder in the pan and striking the flint rock and steel together the spark produced would ignite the tinder and the inflamed tinder would connect with the powder through the touch hole and the gun would be discharged.

Sometimes there would not be enough powder or tinder and there would be nothing but a flash but no discharge of the gun and it was called a "flash in the pan," and many times when persons attempted to do something and made a failure, the saying would be, "Oh, it is only a flash in the pan."



I never can forget the first night I spent in Texas in Galveston. After the captain's friends had gone and the captain and the rest of the officers had retired, about eleven or twelve o'clock the sailors who had gone up town came back aboard and they were all drunk. Some were singing, some were cursing. They all wore belts to hold their sheaths and knives, and for about two hours there was a perfect hullabaloo. Some wanted to fight and would draw their sheath knives and would lunge at each other, but they were so drunk that they could not strike where they intended. I called the ship's officers, but they said, "Oh, it is only a sailors' brawl;" they would soon get quiet, and sure enough after some became very sick they began to tumble over, and in a short time they were all asleep. Next morning what a mess the fore-castle was in.

The above is a picture of the glorious times they used to have in the old saloon days.

ARKANSAW LIZARD.

I remember in '76 traveling to Comanche county from Collin helping to drive a herd of cattle. When we got west of Fort Worth on those wide prairies there were very few settlements or fences and water was very scarce and most of the creeks had quit running, and the only water to be gotten was in holes and not much of that. As we were approaching a creek in the edge of the woods or timber was a small cabin and in front of it was a barrel with some water in it sitting on an Arkansaw lizard. I asked for a drink and this was the reply, "Wall, yer kin hev a dring yerselves but we hain't got any fer stock kase we hev to haul hit a mile or more." I will now describe an Arkansaw lizard. They cut a small sapling which is a small tree that is forked. About a foot below the fork they round it up; then they cut the top off the tree about 3 or 4 feet above the fork and trim and smooth it as nicely as they can. They bore a hole in the butt end and put in a chain to draw it, set a barrel on it, hitch a horse, mule, donkey or ox to it and there you are.

As we went on we passed through Stephenville and friends meeting us said there was some water in Green creek, so we knew if the cattle got to the water first they would mud it up so it would not be fit to drink, so part of us boys loped on ahead and when we got to the water it was covered with a thick green scum. We sure were thirsty; we got down off our horses, rolled back the scum and drank our fill, and it sure was good.

In about 25 or 30 years after I made the same trip, and on, how different. A continuous lane, cities, villages and settlements all along. Wind mills, pumps and troughs; open the big gate and help yourselves, both man and beast, and welcome to all.



Errata.—On page 35, sixth line from the bottom should read "pilot bread," the word "pilot" having been omitted.

P. K. CROWELL.

Born in Yarmouth county, Nova Scotia, Dominion of Canada, Dec. 14th, 1849. Died Sept. 19th, 1916, in San Antonio, Texas.

Arriving at the age of manhood he left Nova Scotia and came over to the United States. He was a carpenter by trade. After knocking about in the northern and middle states he finally came south and reached Texas in the year 1869. He worked quite extensively at repairing cotton gins. He converted some of the old time inclined ox power wheels into horse or mule power. He was the inventor of the process of doing away with the lint room and causing the cotton lint to be conveyed direct to the press box, but by not being able to finance the proposition his invention got away from him and the treatment he received was somewhat similar to that which was accorded Eli Whitney who was the inventor of the cotton gin. His widow is still living and four children, two sons and two daughters, all married except the youngest son.

**JOHN HOWLAND.**

Was the last survivor of the group of men who signed the compact in the cabin of the Mayflower which is the origin of our government. During the voyage from England to Plymouth he fell overboard, and by catching hold of a sheet line was enabled to keep near the ship and was hauled aboard with a boat hook. If he had been drowned his posterity which is now legion never would have lived. He was the first ancestor of the Crowell family in America.

I happened to a circumstance similar on my way to Texas. One very windy day when the sea was very rough and the ship was pitching and rolling I started from the forecabin which was in the bow of the ship to the cabin in the stern. I fell, and the only thing that saved me was bringing up against the rail on the side of the ship. If I had went overboard on the waves as the ship lurched I would have been lost.

These were the days before artificial ice was invented and the lower hold of the ship was loaded with good firm ice from East Boston, and it was quite a treat for the captain's friends who visited him on board when I got ice and by his request made a large pitcher of ice cold water and passed it around.



'A true heart and determined purpose can accomplish much.'